UNITY

FREEDOM. FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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What If?—As If!

By FRANK CARLETON DOAN

The League of Nations and the Conquered

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

Is Fundamentalism a Real Menace?

By WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW

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UNITY

A Journal of Religion in Democracy

UNITY was the first American paper to discover Gandhi, of India. When the great Mahatma was unknown even to newspapers, UNITY hailed him as "the greatest man in the world." Its files contain the most complete record of Gandhi and his work that exists in this country, and are continuing this record of original documents, special articles, editorial comments regularly and beginning April 5th will publish his Autobiography in weekly installations.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1926 NUMBER 4

LEO TOLSTOY TO GANDHI

"I greet you fraternally and am glad to have intercourse with you.

"Your activity in the Transvaal, as it seems to us at this end of the world, is the most essential work, the most important of all the work, now being done in the world, and in which not only the nations of the Christian but of all the world will unavoidably take part."

As the word gets 'round of the forthcoming publication of Gandhi's autobiography in these pages, the subscriptions begin to come rolling in. The religious magazines have seen our announcements, and, realizing the full importance of this event to all persons concerned with spiritual things, are generously passing on the news to their readers. Thousands of circulars came from the printer a week ago, and are now being distributed far and wide through various mailing lists graciously placed at our disposal by organizations which would not have their members miss this opportunity. Advertisements, judiciously placed in such magazines as the *Nation,* the *World Tomorrow,* the *Christian Century,* are now making their appearance and should awaken wide response. Yet in the end can nothing help us quite so much as our own editors, subscribers and readers—the members of the family, so to speak. Look at our dear comrade, Sydney Strong, in Seattle! He has printed hundreds of circulars of his own, carrying his personal name and statement, and is sending them at his own expense to all his friends in this country and abroad. He is organizing Gandhi clubs and groups. What a man—and what a harvest his sowing is going to yield! Here is an example for us all. UNITY, as we have already stated, has assumed a great responsibility as well as received a great honor, in acting as the medium for the publication of Gandhi's autobiography in this country. We owe it to the Mahatma to secure the widest possible public for his story, and every effort by every subscriber and friend must be made to this end. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in calling upon our supporters everywhere to help us. We counted in the beginning upon doubling our subscription list. We are confident, now, that we shall at least treble or quadruple it.

So we ought to approve the Italian debt settlement as a means of embarrassing and ultimately destroying Mussolini! "Fancy that," as George Tesman puts it in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabbler"! Actually, the New York *Times* and others would have us support the settlement because we don't like Mussolini and ought not to help him. For the defeat of the settlement, so runs the argument, would only add to Mussolini's strength, "for Italy would then have to pay nothing," to quote one of the advocates of the agreement. Signor Volpi, in other words, came over here as Mussolini's representative, for the purpose of betraying and overthrowing his master. He made a settlement which drove Mussolini to anger and despair, and which the Italian dictator is now doing his utmost to defeat in the U. S. Senate. When Volpi returned to Rome he was instantly arrested and thrown into prison, and is now awaiting death at the hands of the official executioner. Haven't you heard all this? Well, well, neither have we, to tell the truth. But we can't understand why not, if this idea of the debt settlement's only adding to Mussolini's troubles is really sound. As a matter of fact, of course, it isn't sound at all. It is nothing but the veriest rubbish. It's worse than rubbish—it's camouflage and lies. Mussolini wants the settlement—indeed, he must have it—because he wants loans from American bankers. The only way he can get these loans is to settle the debt. Which means that he would have made twice as favorable a settlement, if we had asked for it and insisted upon it! The moment Signor Volpi had signed his agreement—before the Senate had seen it at all—he was in Wall Street contracting for a $100,000,000 loan from Morgan & Company —a loan to be repaid, by the way, not "funded"! The moment the Senate approves the bargain, Mussolini will be in Wall Street again, for another $100,000,000 and more. The only way to stop such private financing of the Italian despotism is to leave the debt unsettled, for it is the rule of our government and bankers not to loan under such circumstances. So defeat the settlement. It's a bad piece of business all around.

We are told that the Democrats in the Senate may be counted upon to support the administration in the matter of the Italian debt settlement. This raises anew the question, Why is a Democrat? So far as we can see, the only function that the Democrats serve today is to come to the relief of the Republicans whenever the few progressive spirits in the Republican Party threaten to embarrass the powers-that-be. Do Coolidge,

Mellon and Company want to put over a tax-bill written by rich men for the relief of rich men? Immediately the Democrats put on their blandest smiles and kindly offer to make the measure non-partisan business. Is the conspiracy of the Aluminum Trust exposed, and a drive made by honest men to secure official investigation of a scandal as foul as that of the notorious Tea-Pot Dome? Easily are two Democratic senators found to vote against their own leader, Senator Walsh, of Montana, and thus protect the administration from the exposure which it so dreads. Is the Italian debt settlement in jeopardy? Is its indecency, its injustice, its patent betrayal of American rights and American interests, turning one honest Republican after another from its support, and thus threatening defeat to Mussolini and his American confréres? At once we are informed that the Democrats will support the Republican machine and see that the agreement is put through. Why is a Democrat? For the same reason that a porter is in a club to wash out the spittoons, or a swillman in a city to collect the garbage—namely, to do the dirty work of the Republicans. The idea that the Democrats exist at this time to serve as an opposition party, ruthless in criticism, watchful for corruption, prophetic in proclamation of new policies and old liberties, this seems to have disappeared entirely. What we have in Washington, in other words, is a beautifully working bi-partisan combine. Whenever a vote is taken on any question, the newspapers always give us a list of the Republicans and Democrats who voted for or against it, and a second and smaller list of the Democrats and Republicans who voted the other way. This means a solid mass of reaction made up of the main bodies of the two old parties, and a little group of progressives made up of the free spirits on both sides. What a joke to talk about Democrats and Republicans, and organize campaign battles between them!

The "Al" Smith drive for the presidency is under full headway. The election of Walker as Mayor of New York City was of course only a consolidation of the lines for Smith's complete possession of the state in the next campaign for nomination and election. Newspapers and magazines are choking over Smith material furnished by special writers and party propagandists. Rotogravure sections and "movie" reels have their constantly recurring pictures of the New York Governor. All of which is interesting, especially from the standpoint of those who believe, as we do, that an "Al" Smith campaign for the presidency would be a public calamity of the first order! In saying this we intend no reflection on Governor Smith's ability, devotion and high character as a political executive. He is a successful governor, and is equipped today beyond almost any other man in his party for promotion to the White House. What we have in mind, in referring to his candidacy for the presidency as a calamity, are particular aspects of his life which are certain to drive the American people into a frenzy of bitterness and hate, of which the disgraceful scenes at the last Democratic convention may be regarded as a sample. Thus, Mr. Smith is a Tammany man. What this means west of the Hudson River is too familiar to need description. Secondly, Mr. Smith is a Roman Catholic. His nomination for the presidency is the one thing which can revive the Ku Klux Klan and make it a power in every state in the Union. Thirdly, Mr. Smith is the most consistent, thoroughgoing "wet" now in public life in this country. If he leads the Democratic ticket in the next campaign, the Prohibition issue will develop upon the instant a fury of passion which will make the present fracas look like a pink tea party. If ever there was a man strategically disqualified for a frontal attack upon the White House, it is "Al" Smith—especially when one sees the shrewd features of Calvin Coolidge peeking from behind the shades of this building. Mr. Coolidge is New England, Protestant, and "dry." If there is anybody who can make his calling and election sure in the next campaign it is the East Side, Catholic, "wet" Governor in Albany. It may be anything but creditable, that this is so. But it is so, all the same.

We prophesied at the time of the Scopes trial in Tennessee that the anti-evolution flood had reached its crest, and was due to subside. The recent action of the state of Mississippi in passing an anti-evolution statute would seem to belie this prophecy. At the same time, however, we would beg to record the fact that the state of Kentucky, which two years ago came within one vote of enacting an anti-evolution law, has this year defeated a similar measure, while the state of Virginia has refused to allow a proposal of this kind even to get out of committee. On the whole the law-makers are doing well, and we still stand by our prophecy. Meanwhile the churches seem to be getting worse than ever, increasing their own fanaticism and bigotry as they lose public confidence. Look at the recent action, for example, of the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church! With twelve professors of theology and fifty elders sitting in solemn convocation, this august body actually declared that the "Genesis" story of Adam and Eve, and of the talking serpent and the Tree of Knowledge, must be accepted as literally true by all ministers if they are to hold their pulpits and remain within the denominational fold. Anything more ridiculous than this has not happened in our time, nor can anything more ridiculous be conceived at any time. The story of the Garden of Eden true! Adam and Eve real historical characters!! The talking serpent a fact of history!!! The only comfort to be derived from such nonsense is the certainty that it places the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Scripture

in such an utterly absurd light that no sensible man, educated or uneducated, can give it countenance for a single moment. Such a declaration may even drive the Modernists from their straddle of the fence of controversy, and thus force them, as a matter of sheer self-respect, to say what they know to be true, that the Bible is not in any unique sense the Word of God. At any rate, we hope that the Fundamentalists will put it right up to their liberal brethren, "Do you believe that the serpent talked to Eve?", and get a Yea or Nay reply.

We have just received from Europe a copy of a marvellously handsome volume containing the tributes addressed to Romain Rolland by friends and admirers throughout the world on the recent occasion of his sixtieth birthday. This volume is entitled "Liber Americorum Romain Rolland," and is in many ways the most beautiful book that we have ever had the pleasure of handling. More impressive, however, than the book itself is the material it contains—the noble array of men and women who here give salutation to the immortal Frenchman. Many names are unfamiliar to us, but many others shine with a lustre that has already been reflected around the globe. Here is Gandhi, of India, for example—the great Hindu addressing his biographer. The Mahatma deplores the fact that he has never seen Rolland, but declares that mutual friends have enabled him "to understand and appreciate the deep humanity of all his acts in every sphere of life. The world is the richer for his life and work. May he be long spared to continue the noble mission of spreading peace among mankind." With Gandhi may be named his co-worker, C. F. Andrews, and his compatriot, Rabindranath Tagore. Among Europeans of note are Johan Boyer, Georges Brandes, Georges Duhamel, Frederick Van Eeden, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Maxime Gorki, Ellen Key, Selma Lagerhof, Andreas Latzko, President Masaryk, Fridtjof Nansen, Georg Nicolai, Arthur Schnitzler, Richard Strauss, Ernest Toller, Miquel De Unamuno, and Stefan Zweig. Englishmen include Vernon Lee, Arthur Ponsonby, Charles Trevelyan, H. G. Wells, and Israel Zangwill. The Americans are Jane Addams, Ernest Bloch, the musical composer and director, Waldo Frank, the novelist, John Haynes Holmes, James H. Powers, editor of the Boston *Globe*, Lucien Price, journalist and author, and Upton Sinclair. As one reads the tributes paid to Rolland by these men and women of many different countries, cultures and religious, one discovers that here is nothing formal or perfunctory. Souls who know that they have found a master pour forth in utter sincerity their gratitude and love. Recognition of Rolland's literary genius is abundant, but universal is the acclaim of his attitude, and work during the War. In this period Romain Rolland became what he remains—a savior of men. What these disciples now proclaim all the world will some day echo.

What If?—As If!

I

Gouvenour Morris in one of his reminiscences of Richard Harding Davis tells how he and "Dick" came to name the Morris home at Aiken, S. C., "The Let's Pretend House." In every way except one they found the place ideal, quiet location "far from the madding crowd"; ample spaces; satisfying views; and all that. But, alas! the old chimney did not draw good! That was its one drawback, so to speak. "But," to take Mr. Morris's own words for it, "we pretended that it did. And with pretense came faith. And now the chimney in the living room draws. From the fire-place that smoked to the serious things of life we extended our pretendings until real troubles went down before them, *down and out.*"[1] And from that day on these two friends always referred to the Morris home as "The Let's Pretend House."

Literal-minded readers—and even UNITY no doubt has a few of such—will dismiss this narrative as a bit of more or less wilful self-deception on the part of these two romantic friends. "How utterly childish!" they will say. "After all facts are facts. Things are what they are. No amount of 'let's pretending' can ever make a crooked chimney draw straight. There is no use, really there isn't, in playing that black is white, bitter sweet, false true, or any such nonsense. It is far better, and much wiser in the long run, to face the facts of life, the hard facts, and frankly call every spade a spade, every ace an ace." And so on. But most of our readers will not need to be told that neither Morris nor Davis ever intended this delightful episode of their chimney corner to be taken in any such literal, wooden-minded way. The fact wasn't at all that the chimney actually drew better but simply that they minded the smoke less once they began wilfully to pretend that it wasn't there! "Talk about facts!" one can imagine them saying in disgust, "Why, the fact is, a fact of inward experience, verifiable by anyone who will play whole-heartedly this 'let's pretend' game, that black does become less black, bitter less bitter, false less false the very moment a man faces his life truly in a spirit of 'sweetness and light.'"

1. "The Letters and Adventures of Richard Harding Davis," p. 346.

II

Some years ago the writer began to play this same game of "Let's Pretend," only he called it by another name, the "What If? . . . As If" game. And this is how you play it:

To begin with you sit down and quietly take account of the things you know in advance you can never alter by any amount of mere pretending. For example. You know for sure that mountains cannot be removed by a simple act of faith. Water cannot be made to run up hill. The sun cannot be successfully commanded to shine, not on days when its face is all covered by lowering clouds. And so on. The rational thing is "to accept the universe" in all these settled aspects of it. But in this process of rationalizing your life, this invoicing of the settled facts of the universe, you make two important discoveries: for one thing, these settled facts are of no very great consequence one way or another, not in the actual, practical living of each day as it comes along; and for another thing, there are still many things, and these by far the most significant so far as life itself is concerned, which are *not* settled and the settling of which does depend wholly upon the spirit in which you play the great game of life itself. In building a railroad you can't remove a mountain by a simple act of faith. That is definitely settled. But in building a friendship you can remove a mountain of misunderstanding from between your loved one and yourself by simply pretending it isn't there! No feat of engineering, be it never so learned, can make water run up-hill through your aqueduct. But in every spiritual sense you can always give a cup of cold water to a thirsting fellow-soul, which, after all is done, is your reasonable service. No amount of praying on your part will miraculously remove a thick cloud from the face of the sun, so that you may carry out your picnicing plans for the day. But, what is far more important, you can remove the cloud which is overhanging your spirit some dark morning, and cause your own face to shine with the light of the Eternal.

In all this, though you know it not, you will be playing the "What If? . . . As If" game. You are really saying in your heart, "What if my friend didn't say that unkind thing, or didn't mean it that way? I am just going to act as if he didn't! What if all men are really thirsting for a cup of cold water, some of them without even knowing it themselves. I am going to act as if they were and give, give, give! What if the light which shines, or not, from my own spirit means more to mankind than even the very light of the sun itself? I am going to act, even in hours when my spirit is heavy and dark, as if all were joy within me, and shine, shine, shine!"

Do this and you will find that this which began by being mere pretense on your part will end by becoming one of the really creative forces at work in the life of mankind on this planet. You will create confidence in the heart of your friend where now is distrust and suspicion. What may well be a designing and selfish friendship on his part you will transform into a thing of loyalty and beauty. You will arouse in the soul of many a man a real thirst for the pure waters of life where now is only lust for the brackish backwaters of death. You will create in others, as in your own self, a spirit of light and wisdom where now all is folly and inner darkness.

This, or something very like this, is how one plays the "What If? . . . As If" game And the amazing thing, and the rewarding thing about it, is that it works! It may not make a crooked chimney draw straight; but it does straighten out many a crooked, and smooth many a rough path in the great way of life. It may not make life one perpetual picnic; but it does, by creating a world nearer to the heart's desire, make life a perpetual joy.

III

If only men would play this "What If? . . . As If" game on a large scale it would take them a long way toward solving even the world-problems over which humanity is cracking its brains and breaking its heart these days.

The problem of industrial relations, for example. A careful reading of the conference-proceedings in disputes between Capital and Labor reveals the fact that both parties enter into such conferences in a mood of distrust and suspicion. And yet the amazing fact also is that both Capital and Labor are found, each claiming that it is a true servant of the public. "Without me and my brains" cries Capital, "the wheels of industry would surely stop running." "Without me and my brawn," cries Labor, "the wheels of industry might conceivably go on turning but it would be to no purpose. For is it not I who make the daily bread men eat, weave the clothes they wear, assemble the cars they ride to business in?" Now what if both were entirely sincere in these their really identical claims, and went into conference acting as if this claim were true, their one and only purpose being to feed and clothe and transport their fellowmen? Why, any such playing on the industrial plane of the "What If! . . . As If" game would lead all mankind straight into a cooperative commonwealth! The Utopian dream of the ages would speedily come true!

Or take War. No man today believes in war. Nowhere will you find any man, not though you should search to the remotest corners of the globe, who will come right out and say quite frankly that he disbelieves in the principles of peace and is unmoved by the spirit of it. "But," many a man will say, "human nature being what it is, with Imperialism on the extreme left hand and Bolshevism on the right still rampaging up and down the earth seeking what weaker nations they may revour—witness Italy, Russia!—what utter folly it would be for any one nation all alone to put into practice this dream of peace, to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace." But what if? What if human nature is not as bad as it is thus painted? What if nations were not seeking to devour other nations but were simply afraid of *being* devoured? What if love

really were the most powerful force in all the world? What if the very act of disarmament upon the part of any really powerful nation, our own, for example, would in effect disarm all the other nations of the world? Why not we act, even on a national scale, as if love were omnipotent, not merely saying it from our pulpits and in our own timid secret hearts but practicing it in our no longer secret diplomacies, and proclaiming it from our seats of government? If love be not all powerful, right here and right now, then civilization is doomed anyway, doomed to be destroyed at last by hatred, triumphant and omnipotent hatred. Isn't it the part of wisdom before it is too late at least to *try* to make of the whole world a "Let's Pretend House"? to play that underneath the smoke of battle there are still more serious things afoot for mankind; that towering above the battle there are men who still dream of justice, love, peace, and eternal things like that? And what if in actual fact these dreamers are not in a hopeless minority, as we are too apt to suppose, but a mighty host the whole world over, everywhere waiting, only waiting for some nation, why not ours, to rise up and risk this experiment of peace? Would not this mighty host the whole world over rise up, against their own governments, if need were, and follow after this messiah nation and together make the world's dream of peace come true? What if they would? We don't know they wouldn't! Why not act then as if they would?

"But," some literal-minded, faint-hearted reader will exclaim, this might mean crucifixion!" So it might, friend. But then again it might *not*. And in any case it would mean the nation's redemption! Yea, the whole world's redemption at last. As for crucifixion, surely it is better for a nation, as for a man, to die for a dream than to live any longer by compromises in this present nightmare of a world. But there! never fear: this great experiment would not fail. If ever any powerful nation, throwing aside all discretion, putting away all its arms, should play this "What If! . . . As If" game, playing it in this whole-hearted spirit, the world's longing for peace would surely be fulfilled, its dream come true. And love would indeed cover the whole earth as the waters now cover the sea.

And what of the Youth Movement with its plans for organizing and institutionalizing on a world-wide scale this power called love? Do you think, friend, that the war-spirit can prevail against that? What if these youth are in fact wiser in their generation than we of the passing generation? Alas, alas, we have very little to say for ourselves! Who was it—Bernard Shaw?—who said recently, "Parents should never hold themselves up to their children as anything except a warning!"—a quip which applies to every generation in its parental relation to the next generation. Perhaps these on-coming youth, admittedly headstrong, impetuous, slap-dashing along, their heads full of all manner of schemes for the whole world's redemption—perhaps they will succeed where we have so miserably failed. They may! In any case it ill becomes us, their elders but surely not their betters, sitting as we are in the ruins of the world we have brought down upon our own heads, it ill becomes us of all people to presume to advise *them* and caution them, as much as to say "How can you, a lot of callow, inexperienced youth, expect to succeed where the likes of us have failed?" No, it is for us of the passing generation, even if it be our last deed of penance, and with the last breath of our dying faith in human nature, to act as if these star-eyed youth were indeed able to save the world from utter destruction. We have despoiled and ruined the land with our foolish wars. Let's let them bring it peace. We have prostituted humanity with our lust for power, and dispossessed the meek of the earth with our greed of ownership. Let's let them restore this fallen humanity and lead it back into a house of justice and love, there to enter into its rightful heritage of the good things of life. Come, come, all ye aged, all ye disillusioned old men and women! Act as if the Youth Movement were come to save from destruction what little ye have left them of their world-heritage. Do this whole-heartedly and you, even you, shall enter creatively into this spirit of youth itself. And though you may not live to enter into it, you will be an honored and as it were an invisible citizen of the New Jerusalem these youth are even now building on the face of the earth.

IV

Those of our readers who have been carefully brought up on philosophy will recognize this "What If? . . . As If" game as nothing more nor less than a dramatizing of the conclusion of Immanuel Kant. The Königsberg philosopher began by going as far as his "pure reason" could take him. He discovered that by this process of pure reasoning you cannot prove anything, at least not anything worth proving. And then, to the astonishment of his more wooden-minded contemporaries, he saved everything really worth while by a little vigorous exercising of his "practical reason." "You have a right," he said in effect, "except in those unimportant cases where your pure reason positively disproves your assumption, you have a right to assume, to postulate, whatever you need to believe in order to live a life which is at all worth while. God, for example. Act as if there were a God, though your pure reason can neither prove nor disprove his existence. Freedom. Act as if you were a free man without wasting a single moment of your free time trying to prove it to any pettifogging metaphysician. Immortality. Act as if you were immortal: surely there is no other way, and no better way of proving the fact."* And so

*This has a possible bearing on the discussion our senior editor has lately been having with an ardent "psychic researcher." Mr. Holmes is quite right in saying that we do not know for sure whether discarnate spirits can communicate with this world or not. But we do not know for sure that they

cannot. What if they can, and are touching our still earth-born spirits all the time? And what is to hinder us from acting as if they still do have vital connections with this earth-plane? Buddha, for one; Socrates; Jesus; Tolstoy; and a cloud of other witnesses to truth, peace, love. Surely this were better than to act, as most of the world is doing today, as if they had never existed at all!

on. Philosophy-bred readers will also see in this "What If? . . . As If" game a dramatic application of the creative evolutionism of Henri Bergson. Within certain realms, and those the most significant realms of the spirit, so far as everyday life goes, we may, indeed we must, create the element out of which the new world is to be builded, and conceive within ourselves the spirit in which a higher race of human beings is to be born on this earth. We must or else the whole process of evolution itself shall cease and the whole human race go the way of all flesh! Something deep within every man is all the time urging him to take whatever hazards may be involved, to stake his all, even though it may mean defeat and death, upon the proposition that a loftier race is to be born out of this present world-travail; and that we men, even we of this seemingly impotent generation may yet help to father it.

Come then, let's play the game, young and old together. If we lose, we lose nothing except this body of death which is already, as it seems, dragging the world down to its final extinction. And if we gain, ah, then we gain the whole world and save our own souls alive!

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

Jottings

An All-India Prohibition League has been formed in India to support the temperance movement along radical lines. It seeks to cooperate with other organizations in freeing the country of all intoxicating liquors.

"It is more dangerous," says the French Premier, Briand, "for statesmen to make peace than to make war." This is testimony wrought out of bitter experience, for when do people leap to the support of a statesman engaged in the business of peace as they do to the support of a statesman engaged in the business of war? Drawing the sword, not sheathing it, is what stirs popular acclaim.

The world's largest motor-ship, the "Asturias," carries two huge funnels, both of which are dummies since a motor, unlike a boiler, needs no funnels. But passengers do not like and will not use a ship without funnels, so the imitation articles are in place. All of which is a useful parable for reformers! Change society as much as you please, only keep its outward and visible appearance the same. Its the change in appearances, not in fundamentals, that bothers the people.

Whenever we encounter "wet" friends who grow excited over the violations of the Volstead Act, we enjoy reminding them that there are laws against betting on horse-races, baseball games, etc., laws against speculating in theatre-tickets, laws against smuggling undeclared goods through the customs. We are a lawless people! If violations of a law constitute a valid argument for its repeal, how many statutes would be left in America? Our problem today is not Prohibition or no Prohibition, but law or no law.

A Los Angeles clergyman has substituted a jazz orchestra for the organ at his Sunday services. Excellent! Now add a cabaret dancer or two to dance during the offering—and distribute copies of *Snappy Stories* and *Paris Nights* free at the door after the benediction, and people will begin talking again about the great prosperity of the churches.

It is encouraging to find Pope Pius declaring that the belief that the dark-skinned races are inferior to the white is a mistaken one. In an encyclical published on March 5th, His Holiness says that long experience proves that these alleged inferior peoples are fully equal to the white people in mentality. This is an utterance which nobly continues the Roman Catholic tradition of human brotherhood. J. H. H.

The League of Nations and the Conquered

(From our Bulgarian Representative)

In man's life, as in that of nations, are periods of stagnation and energy. Frequent are the impulsive efforts to escape from the one or to develop the other. Success depends upon the moral as well as the physical power in reserve which has stimulated the effort.

The great war was followed by a great period of stagnation of morals—a senseless jubilee on the one hand and the greatest misery on the other.

The calm after the storm failed, and no real benefit has resulted for either party, and we see and feel the after-war incubus heavy on mankind.

Nigh seven years of effort have failed to bring about a reasonable settlement which would allow humanity to breathe freely. The instrument of the treaties, the League of Nations, is apparently pusillanimous, notwithstanding the bolstering it has received from many well intentioned sources. It has just received an impulse from an unexpected quarter, and those who have been responsible for its past pusillanimity are most loud in proclaiming its present and future efficacy. One of the members of the League, one of the *conquerors*, unprovoked, with unbridled

passion, and therefore most foolishly, invades a peaceful neighboring country, completely disarmed by the peace treaties, under the special control of the League of Nations, and so rendered harmless, and carries a savage and devastating war into the invaded territory and upon the defenseless inhabitants. The case is so flagrantly against all decency, and the country in default is so devoid of any support, that the League of Nations comes out strong, and thus does something to raise hope for its pampered prestige.

Those anxious to see something useful and promising in the League are jubilant over the result obtained. What is the reality? The basis upon which the present international situation is built under the edict of the Peace Treatise, remains intact. So far all negotiations between conqueror and conquered countries for any alleviation in the ruinous conditions imposed, have resolved themselves into *beati possidentes*. Such a stand can in no wise improve the situation; it forbids the League to work for any real improvement.

We remember the contempt with which the League was treated by a Great Power, in the Italo-Greek incident—the Corfu affair.

During the month of March last year, the military authorities of Yugoslavia seized upon 31 men of the village of Garvan (Macedonia), lined them up with hands tied, and shot them down to death. Protests were addressed to the League, but the sufferers were of the minority-nationality in an ally country, and the League did not concern itself in the least about the matter. Yet the minorities are by treaty under the protection of the League! The League knows very well that direct representatives of this minority in that country cannot and dare not complain to it even of such wholesale atrocities committed by the authorities ordained by the treaties to protect their life and property.

In the month of November, 1923, occurred a most vulgar, as also tragic, incident in the lodgings of the Yugoslav military attaché in Sofia—a squabble between his servant and another man for a common woman. The incident was maliciously maneuvered into a political attempt upon the life of the military attaché. Bulgaria, threatened with invasion, submitted within 24 hours to the most exacting and humiliating ultimatum, a perfect copy of the one presented by Italy to Greece in the Corfu affair. The incident was fully detailed at the time in UNITY (January 31, 1924). It passed off without further notice being taken of it. Why? Because one of the Great Powers refused to see the prestige of an armed ally suffer merely for the sake of a defenseless former enemy.

This unconcern of the League was followed by another similar case, a massacre of a batch of 18 Bulgarian peasants of Tarliss, as innocent as those of Garvan, who had preceded them. This time the authorities were Greek. Happily not far from the scene happened to be the delegates of the League busy with the *voluntary* exchange of populations desirous of escaping with their lives from their ancestral homes, now in the hands of aliens, to a country under the rule of countrymen of theirs. These delegates necessarily made an inquiry on the spot. The official report of this inquiry has been published. It establishes the revolting circumstances under which these men were trapped, led out of their village, and shot down in cold blood.

Nobody was punished. But the Greek government took alarm, since its agents had foolishly compromised it, and very hastily *signed* a protocol in Geneva with the Bulgarian representatives and with the participation of the Assembly of the League, which provided for an initial settlement of the minority question in Greek Macedonia. Greece has refused to ratify the protocol, has dishonored her signature, and the League, with Mr. Austin Chamberlain as reporter of the commission, has approved Greece's dishonorable conduct rather than injure an ally of the Powers.

Why should Greece stop here? The massacre of 31 Bulgarians by the Yugoslav military authorities failed to provoke the interest of the League of Nations. The vulgar and contempible case of the Yugoslav military attaché, followed by an ultimatum with threat of invasion, failed to wake up the League to its duty—to see that elementary justice ruled in the relations between its members. The massacre of 18 Bulgarians in Tarliss led to an inquiry ordered by the League; all the ugly, atrocious details of the massacre were embodied in an official report; yet nobody was punished, and the Assembly of the League approved the dishonorable conduct of Greece rather than give its protection to the suffering minority it is in duty bound to protect. Greece is an *ally*, and the minority in question is a part of a conquered enemy. And we see Greece acting as Italy did, to terrorize Bulgaria by invading her territory, wasting it with fire and sword, plunder and rapine. This is too much, and the League out of shame has finally discovered itself to be concerned in such matters and has ordered the restoration of established frontier conditions, and an inquiry into causes and effects. It was not difficult to exercise some energy against the weakest of the allied countries, which had flagrantly and foolishly sinned beyond measure.

Poor indeed, to my mind, is this proof of the future efficacy of the League of Nations. So long as the power of the League is based on the *beati possedentes* resulting from the War and the peace treaties, so long will it be illusive.

UNITY has written very strongly against the peace treaties as nefarious, and even thundered—"Away with the Treatise." There can be no progress, no alleviation of the present inhumane state in the relations between nations, on the basis of these treaties; and the jubilee over the Lucarno agreement and the action of the League in the Greco-Bulgarian incident can only be transitory, because the root of the evil has not been touched. The present *beati possedentes* must be honestly reconsidered or stagnation in morals and humanity will continue to be the rule.

P. M. MATTHEEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

The Event

They scorned Him, scoffed Him, scourged Him, slew,
All with a fiendish will.
He prayed, "They know not what they do;
Father, forgive them still."

How did life answer love's request?
How fared that kind intent?
O ye, with all soft words obsessed,
Mark well that dread event!

ROBERT WHITAKER

Is Fundamentalism a Real Menace?

There is a story told to the effect that an Irishman, walking along one of the streets in Dublin, noticed two of his compatriots engaged in the traditional favorite pastime of the race—a fight. He stopped for a moment to watch, and then asked, "Say, boys, is this a private fight, or can anybody get into it?"

For a great many months, now, religious America has been in more or less of a turmoil, due to the battle being waged in almost every denomination of Christianity between the so-called "Modernists" and "Fundamentalists," each group positive that the other is a menace. So far, to hark back to our story of the Irishman, it has been a private fight; that is, it has been confined to those who are members of the orthodox Christian churches, and has been waged over purely ecclesiastical and theological matters—the rights and wrongs of varied interpretations of certain dogmas and creeds. The great mass of people not actively interested in creeds, who call themselves "Liberals" and keep aloof from theological quarrels, have not been intimately affected, and have taken the attitude that this situation does not concern them in any way. And, perhaps, their position in the past has been justified.

During the past year, however, the matter has taken on a national significance, affecting every American citizen, and threatening the very foundations of the Constitution itself. The state of Tennessee passed a law outlawing the teaching of Evolution in its public schools, and made a court issue by the arrest and conviction of a teacher, which will, no doubt, be carried to the United States Supreme Court before it is finally settled. Mississippi has just reverted to The Dark Ages by passing an anti-evolution law, and in several other states—among them Georgia and Kentucky—similar laws were only defeated in the state legislatures by appallingly small majorities. In the state of New York at the present time vigorous attempts are being made to introduce sectarian religious teaching into the public schools by making it obligatory to have passages from the Bible read to the pupils each day, to have the Ten Commandments read in a similar fashion, and to excuse pupils from school for at least one hour each week that they may go to their respective churches and receive religious instruction along strictly denominational lines. Let us not forget for a moment that this time is being stolen from the hours the pupil should be in school, learning those universal truths which will fit him best to become a useful citizen of the world, rather than a narrow sectarian bigot. The fight is no longer a private one—and every citizen who loves the truth can and should get into it with every ounce of vigor. Fundamentalism has stepped outside the religious field, and is carrying its fight into the arena of national education.

The great hue and cry of the Fundamentalists is that the exaltation of humanity is the cause of every evil, physical, mental and moral, which is abroad in the world today. They would have us believe, and pass on to our children and our children's children, the idea that God created us *worms of the dust*, powerless to develop our own characters and thereby work out our own salvations. They would have us believe that not moral growth, but an elaborate system of theology, built around the blood sacrifice to God of an innocent man, is the key to the betterment of the race. They would take away from mankind all *reason* for attempts at its own improvement by preaching the belief that such attempts are impossibilities—vain reachings for the moon, which can only result in failure—in short, they desire to impress firmly on our consciousness the original fall of man—and then keep kicking him a little further, with the idea that it will please God to see the degradation of man, whom he "created in his own image." Truly the Fundamentalist God must be a strange creature.

Naturally, to preserve a theory of life, it is essential that the teaching of Evolution be stopped, for Evolution is the proof of man's ability to progress from low to high estate. If Evolution is a true principle, then the original fall of man must, *per se*, be false, and with the disappearance of this doctrine also must disappear its companionships, the necessity for a blood sacrifice of atonement. Just why the Fundamentalist is so desirous of considering himself a depraved and unsaved creature is something that is only known to the Fundamentalist mind.

This brief sketch of Fundamentalist theology—well-known to most of us—is given here merely as a step to our next point—namely that Fundamentalist theology is a real menace to our country today, even though some of our "tolerant" fellows may not realize that any theology can be a national danger. To this group I would only say that persecution has never been stopped by those who merely sat and thought about how terrible it was.

It is a well-known fact that of all man's motives, that of religion is probably the strongest. Let a group once get an idea that a certain condition is the one desired by their particular type of God, and they will go to any extreme to fasten that idea upon their community, race and nation. This point is proved only too well by history. This is the real reason why Fundamentalism is a menace—it is not simply a philosophical or religious principle, which its adherents offer to the world, and suggest that the world accept—*to them it is the only life ideal acceptable to God*, and must be thrust upon all of us by whatever means may be necessary. The Fundamentalist is really sincere—hence he is more dangerous than ever. He does not realize that the idea he fosters is based on the grossest superstition; he is willing—nay anxious—to look through the eyes of the primitive races.

Now the two greatest forces working against the ideas of Fundamentalism are science and education. Hence both must be suppressed, says the staunch upholder of these old dogmas. Our children must not be allowed to come under the influence of scholars, whose life is devoted to the painstaking—ofttimes dangerous—search for truth. These men are heretics, atheists,—very reincarnations of the devil himself. They would teach our children that man possesses divinity—that in himself lies the way to progress, growth, development, salvation—call it what you will. What an awful thought it is that man should believe himself capable of moral growth, unaided by priestly incantations and superstitious rites! Thus speak the Fundamentalists, and thus have they always spoken—and one thinks of a "heretic" who was nailed to a cross by the Fundamentalists of his own day.

At present we have the situation of a group of mediaeval minded men ready to defy our constitutional rights of free speech, free government, free education

and free religion, by passing a law compelling the teaching of a religious dogma, the falsity of which may be easily demonstrated, *as scientific fact*. In short, our children are to be taught deliberate falsehood in our public schools, which, (the late William Jennings Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding) are supported as much by modern thinkers as by those of "Orthodox" persuasion. It is time we of the liberal faiths get together and settle once and for all the fact that while we are not concerned with what the Fundamentalists teach their own children, we will not for one moment tolerate their interference with the educational system of our country. Our ancestors struggled for civil and religious freedom, and we would be false to them if we permitted the enslavement of our intellects and consciences by any group of people, no matter how sincere or worthy.

How shall we fight this menace? The remedy lies in the coordination of the efforts of all Liberals, whether working in the scientific, religious or educational fields. Our efforts, as Liberals, are too widely scattered. It is time we presented a united front. Whatever our particular theological beliefs, whether we be Ethical Culturists, Unitarians, Universalists, Reformed Jews, Agnostics—or whatever we are, we are all vitally affected by any interference with our educational system, and our freedom to seek out the truth wherever the search may lead, and wherever we may find the prize. In the name of knowledge—in the name of freedom—for the sake of our children and our nation—let us stand together as Liberals to preserve our mental integrity as we have often stood together to preserve our material welfare.

WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW.

British Labor Speaks

Labor has recently held two "demonstrations" in London. The first, at the Albert Hall, February 7, was called by the London Labor Party, and presided over by its chairman, Mr. T. E. Naylor, M. P. As stated in his words, the purpose of that meeting was "to make the *Daily Herald* more worthy of the Movement, and the Movement more worthy of the *Daily Herald*;" as well as to "consolidate and stimulate the Socialist Party in fighting labor's battles in the House of Commons." The second, at Queen's Hall, February 16, was arranged by Lansbury's *Labor Weekly*, "as a challenge to the Duke of Northumberland and other land-owners, on their moral right to the land," and was presided over by Mr. Lansbury himself.

Perhaps the purposes as stated by their proponents sufficiently indicate the different temper of the two gatherings. The first, and much the larger, was a serious, orderly and reasoned attempt to show the workers that it was supremely to their advantage to support labor's only daily newspaper, thus making it possible for that sheet to serve the cause of labor more effectively; and also to express the solidarity of the Labor Party at a time of crisis, when, with the coal settlement looming, a tendency of the government to economies at the expense of the workers manifesting itself in Lord Eustace Percy's education memorandum, and in the curtailing of public works, a time of struggle is obviously at hand. With all the orderliness, however, there was evident an enthusiasm, a confidence in "the cause," which came out not only in the speeches, but in the tremendous waves of song with which they were interspersed. This note of determination and triumph was struck at the opening, when the great audience, well nigh ten thousand strong, burst as one voice into the magnificent sweep of "Jerusalem."

'Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.'

Could one, by the way, imagine such a gathering of American workers pouring out their souls in the words of William Blake? And is not this significant of the difference between a movement which recognizes only the workers by hand, from one which joins with these the workers by brain? Later the audience sang Edward Carpenter's "England Arise" with no less moving power, and at the end, when the fine appeals of such speakers as Robert Williams, Ellen Wilkinson, C. P. Trevelyan, and Hamilton Fyfe had wrought them to the top pitch of enthusiasm, "The Red Flag," with which every labor meeting in England begins or ends.

Several interesting facts emerged in the course of the speaking. One was that Labor had no notion of combining with the Liberal Party, however Lloyd George might woo it to such an allience. "Here's friendship for them," said Mr. Naylor, in his opening address, "but if they mean getting hitched, no, thank you. We never flirt with the dead. Lloyd George protests that the Liberal Party is not dead. Well, if he insists on an inquest to prove it, he shall have it at the next general election, but there is only one verdict, 'Death from natural causes.'" The same point was emphasized by Mr. Williams, executive and manager of the *Daily Herald*, but along with the baselessness of newspaper talk of Labor's acceptance of Liberal overtures, he pointed out that this aloofness as a party must not blind Labor to the necessity of making converts from the orthodox political groups.

Another point made clear was the solidarity of Labor behind the coal miners. This was applauded to the echo when declared by Mr. Ernest Bevin, who, after alluding to the contrast of the present with the disruption of opinion at the time of the Sankey Report, said, "We stand absolutely four square against any reduction of the standard of living for the workers." Since Mr. Bevin is general secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, and a member of the general council of the Trade Union Congress, his word counts for something. Mr. Bevin closed his address with a fine appeal for peaceful methods of settling industrial disputes, after alluding to the growing belief among workers that the government, having no solution of such problems, is preparing to meet the legitimate demands of labor by force. "There is a force in the world which has never yet been tried by Western nations," said Mr. Bevin, "the force of pacifism. Gun for gun the government can win, but guns against the great passive resistance of the labor movement are doomed to failure from the start."

That Labor will not tolerate any reduction in grants for education, was forcibly voiced by Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M. P., Minister of Education under the Labor

government. Such a policy as that of Lord Eustace Percy, he said, strikes a worse blow at the future of Labor than the cutting of allowances for unemployment, which Ellen Wikinson, Labor's only woman M. P., had denounced earlier. Reduction of unemployment relief starved the *body,* but reduction of education for workers' children starved the *mind* of the movement.

So much for the Albert Hall "Demonstration," which may be said to have been the official statement of the London branch of the Labor Party. It was characterized throughout by harmony, being notably free from interruptions from the floor, by sobriety of utterance, where was no attempt to play upon the emotions of the hearers, but straightforward common sense, often seasoned with wit, sometimes rising to righteous indignation; marked by the wholesome recognition that Labor's salvation must come through its own efforts, patiently sustained, and utterly divorced from force.

The Queen's Hall meeting was a different matter. Called as a challenge, its temper was one of questioning everything, even the policy of the Labor Party. More than once the audience was told that it was time, if the landowners wouldn't get out, to drive them out. A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation, who has been pilloried in the press during his conduct of the miners' case before the coal commission, was given a tremendous ovation, the whole hall rising to sing, "He's a jolly, good fellow!" and applauding him at nearly every sentence. The Duke of Northumberland, who has figured in the hearings as the upholder of royalties for idle landlords, par excellence, had been given a place on the program "if present." Needless to say he did not appear to answer Mr. Andrew Maclaren's fiery denunciations of him; and for quite other reasons, but no less to the disappointment of the audience, Robert Smillie was detained in the north. Mr. Lansbury invited anybody in the hall who cared to take the other side, and defend private right to the land to speak from the platform. This invitation was accepted by a young man named Addis, whose progress to the front was accompanied by catcalls and hoots. There had already been many interruptions, when groups in different parts of the hall fell to wrangling, and were with difficulty smoothed down by the chairman. Mr. Lansbury now appealed with skill for fair play, pointing out the courage of the speaker, who was voluntarily facing a hostile audience, and so far succeeded that the audience applauded, then settled down in perfect silence. Unfortunately Mr. Addis showed a total absence of tact or even courtesy, by referring in his opening sentence to "the river of Bolshevik eloquence" to which the audience had been listening. After that it was a struggle between the chairman and the indignant hearers, to enable him to get in an intelligible word. Cries of "blackshirt" and "send him home" were accompanied an ominous surging of a rough group to the side of the hall where Mr. Addis' friends were sitting, and he was glad to leave the platform before the storm raised by his next statement, that all that such people as those present wanted was to exchange the Duke of Northumberland for "Emperor Jones." No further speaking was attempted, although Col. Josiah Wedgwood was down on the program. The choir, which had led The Red Flag at the beginning of the meeting broke into the Hallelujah Chorus, during which the unruly elements melted away, the rest of the audience lingering to sing The International.

The "outlander" at these two significant meetings of Labor could not fail to receive conflicting impressions. He was struck by the vitality of the movement, the almost religious appeal which it makes to its members, and the intense devotion with which they rally to it. But this conviction of its essential solidarity received something of a shock at the second meeting, which evidently reflected the division in its ranks over the means of realizing the slogan "Socialism in Our Time." For the moment, thanks to the tactlessness of the Government, which has alienated both moderates and radicals, by its trial and imprisonment of the Communists, its condoning of the fascist attack upon labor's press, its callousness to the sufferings of the workers as shown in its choice of economies, Labor stands united as it has not been since the Labor Government went out. Yet signs are not wanting that this unity of action does not go too deep, and that if and when Labor is again at the helm, there may be trouble in deciding whether to steer to the right or the left.

London, England E.

In Cairo

The Cairo season is in full swing. At least twice a week a cruiser docks at Alexandria and, a few hours later, the tourists descend in hundreds upon the city. From my balcony, each morning I watch them start for their day's sight-seeing. Automobiles line the street and dragomans, so picturesquely garbed, stand in groups upon the pavement. I never tire of watching them, and my imagination runs riot. Today, a very fat dragoman, with long, full black gown, a white turban upon his head and the gayest of scarfs thrown carelessly across his shoulder—showing gleams of red and purple, golden, green and white—paces meditatively up and down. Close beside him, a tall and slender youth, in a gown of tawny yellow, with scarf and turban of delicate tones, tries to match his step with the older man's, jauntily swinging his cane the while.

Here is one dressed in robin's egg blue, turban and scarf of white; another in green, turban and scarf of Roman striped silk—vivid blue and red, purple and gold; there, one robed in royal purple, turban and scarf of gold brocade, and yet another in gown of heavy white Indian silk, turban, scarf and shoes to match. This is the first dragoman I have seen in white shoes. Why do most of them wear cheap shining yellow European shoes! It is the only part of their costume that offends my eye. I often wish they would wear the brilliant, low, red shoe which the native servant wears, but perhaps they would not be comfortable on their long tramps.

The sight-seers saunter from the hotel. Each dragoman is on the qui vive and quickly recognizes his party. He bows gracefully, touches his fore-head with his hand, takes the extra wraps from the porter and escorts his party to its motor.

How interesting and eager these parties look. The men in tweeds, field glasses or kodaks slung across their shoulders; the women in trim sports suits, or in white, from crown to sole, or in gay little dresses with

hats to match. But even they fade into the commonplace, in comparison with their dragomans.

How well I know these dragomans! How perfect are their manners, how respectful their conduct! And how attached they become to their employers, if they are properly treated. There are exceptions, of course; there are rude guides; there are lying, dishonest guides; there are ignorant ones, but these are rare exceptions. It is rather pathetic to hear one refer to "my lady" or to "my gentleman" or "my party," and with what naive simplicity and pleasure he will tell of some kindness shown to him or even of a word of appreciation. I have seen guides take letters from their pockets to show me with great pride, saying, "From a gentlemens I serve two year 'go. Him make me verra happy when him write."

Now the excursion has departed. A couple of empty carriages are on the opposit side of the street, and half a dozen guides loiter in the shade. They are waiting for their expected or hoped-for patrons.

And the tourists, just departed—I find myself wondering where they are going. I know them so well! Was I not one of them but a short year ago? Are they going to the Citadel and the Mosque of Muhammed Ali? This Mosque is one of the largest and finest in the world—made of alabaster inside and out. It was here that the Mamluks were trapped and massacred in 1811. One may see the imprint of a hoof upon the parapet and the dragoman will gravely relate, but with a twinkle of the eye, how only one of the Mamluks escaped, by gallantly leaping his horse over the parapet and into the moat below. In this way the Mamluk is said to have escaped, though the horse was instantly killed. The guides seem to trust the intelligence of the tourist in telling their yarns. "It is my duty to tell," said one to me, "but it is not your duty to believe."

Or perhaps they have gone to the Suks (Bazaars) where the ladies are handling exquisite brocades and looking longingly at Persian porcelains, and the men are having "the time of their lives" bargaining about the price. What a pity this has to be done! It annoys me, really makes me feel contemptible, but I realize that half the fun would be gone for many people if these things had to be bought in the ordinary way. They think, when they have bought an article for half the asked price, that they have bought a bargain. Not at all! There are no bargains in the Suks. The dealers simply play upon our ignorance. They know, far better than we do, that we do not know the value of the article shown us; they know, also, that they will not get what they ask, and the price they finally take leaves them a good margin of profit. Naturally, they are not in business for fun, nor for the pleasure of their possible customer. But they certainly are beguiling. "Will the lady do me honor to take a cup of Turkish coffee?" or "A glass of Persian tea, perhaps?" or "Gentleman, please have a cigarette, very good in Egypt." The tea, coffee and cigarettes are perfect, and one is in a good humor at once. Amber, old and new, tempt; delicate Egyptian necklaces, of finely wrought gold, anklets and bracelets fascinate; brass bowls, vases and coffee-sets intrigue. Rugs are beautful as pictures. Money flies. Here and there, a student loiters before bronze or porcelain figures of the Egyptian gods, but this is not the place to buy these. It requires great knowledge to detect the spurious.

But perhaps the tourists this morning are visiting the old mosques, hung with beautiful panels of Egyptian work-cotton of gorgeous colors appliquèed in geometrical figures, bordered with extracts from the koran, for you must know that the Mohammedan uses no figure as decoration. That would be sacrilege. In some of these old mosques hundreds of youths are studying their lessons—chanting them aloud. As my dragoman explained to me, "We do not study like you. We always study with out head *and* our mouth. You only study with your head." These youths squat upon mats, their korans before them, and the noise is deafening. Lessons over, one may see them going into the court-yard to wash before going into the mosque to pray. The Mohammedan is punctilious about this. Five times a day he must pray, and each time, before entering the mosque, he must wash.

The tourists can scarcely be going to the pyramids today, for that necessitates donkey or camel-riding and they were not dressed for that, although one may frequently see a woman, dressed "a la mode," perched high upon the back of a huge camel. But she seems to be so engrossed in keeping her skirt pulled down to a respectable length that she must miss most of the beauty of the desert.

Perhaps the tourists are wise and are going first to the Egyptian Museum. Surely this is the best preparation for Egyptian sight-seeing. There one may see the chariots of the early kings, models of their boats and oarsmen; one may see the statues of the kings and gods. Here is the art of Egypt, from predynastic times to the XXVIII Dynasty, spread out before one's eyes; marvellous wooden statutes of the IV Dynasty—now, alas, attacked by worms, and in a sad state of decay. One may see mummies of by-gone ages, one even with bleached hair, and decide that humanity was not so different then. Strings of mummy-beads adorn the walls, bushels of which are found in single tombs, and scraps of beautiful mummy-wrappings are carefully preserved. Here are golden coins and vessels of gold, found within the tombs. Evidently, the idea of appeasing the gods and buying one's way into heaven was not unknown to the ancients. Articles from milady's toilet table are here, richly ornamented silver sticks, used to pencil the eye-brows and lashes, charming statuettes with sylph-like bodies, polished smooth as wax, used for rubbing color into the skin; but the homelier souvenirs of common life are here also—water jugs, kitchen utensils, garden implements. One may see exquisite alabaster vases of the IV Dynasty, a fine film of dust still upon them, and bowls of diurite, so dense that no modern instrument can pierce them and statues and statuettes of kings, gods and godesses, sacred animals and ushabtui, slaves, who were supposed to labour for the highly-born in the next world; amulets of gold, silver, bronze, cornelian, amber, alabaster and porcelain. One may enter the Tutankamen room, recently opened to the public, and see his gold mask in his mummy-case. This is of gold and in the form of his body. It is in a remarkable state of preservation. The engraving is exquisite, even from a modern view-point. Two winged figures, of Isis and Nephtys mourning, are the most beautiful that I have ever seen.

One could spend days here but, of course, the tourist cannot. His days are laid out for him with exasperating precision, but surely his appetite must be whetted and his curiosity aroused. Perhaps he will decide, as we did, that he must return to study more deeply the mysteries of which he has had but a taste.

H. S. N.

The Study Table

At last a fearless book on Peace—from an American Jew. Ludwig Lewisohn in "Israel" tells his brethren that they must stop fooling themselves about being 100 per cent Americans, 100 per cent Germans, or 100 per cent what-not nationals, and realize that they can be nothing but tolerant, intelligent Internationalists. Their history, their traditions, their subconscious memories, all make them so. "The Jew's democracy, his passion for reasoned justice, are bone-deep and thousands of years old."

In magnificent English ("Isreal" is a literary masterpiece as well as a sinewy, biting argument), Mr. Lewisohn has put his finger on an obvious reality—the inevitable place of the Jew as Pacifist in the modern world.

Since the Dispersion, Jews have belonged to all peoples, understood all peoples, suffered and rejoiced with all peoples, yet remained—Jews. The Jews have been a people, a spiritual nation without armies or navies for three thousand years. They have seen the power and grandeur of all war-like nations disappear—Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Spain. "They have survived through the force of the spirit alone."

The past has given the Jew the knowledge and art of pacifism, the future reveals the supreme necessity of it. It is the only logical position for a minority people in an armed world, which regiments them ruthlessly before, and persecutes them brutally after every war.

The bitter experience in modern Germany, the classic home of assimilationism where Jews dominate the artistic and intellectual life, is proof that a complete national identification for the Jew is a grievous mistake, a tactical blunder which leads to anti-semitism, so long as the world is organized into war-waging Master States.

Mr. Lewisohn gives a practical program for the Jews, which the logic of events should long ago have suggested to them if they had been wise in the recognition of sociological laws and social processes, as they have been skillful in adjustment and camouflage.

This program first provides for the upbuilding of Palestine as a refuge, where the Jew of Russia and Roumania, and vicariously, of the whole world, can recover the integrity of his soul, where he can lose fear and its resultants, cringing and arrogance, where he can find fulfillment in all pursuits—agricultural, economic and cultural. In Palestine the Jews must prove to the Arabs "that there shall never be either oppressors or oppressed in the land. They must never use their skill or knowledge or money against the Arabs."

Again: "The Jews must throw their strength and influence against the power of the absolute, belligerent Master State, wherever it appears. They must cooperate with all who strive for social justice and economic peace."

In humbler matters, "Israel's" program provides:

> The Jewish merchants and industrialists should never exclude Christians from their employment. It is quite right that we should contribute to Christian Charities. If we establish any educational institutions, people of all creeds and races shall be admitted. But these things must be understood to be not the result of a facile good-nature or as the concessions of weakness. They must be understood to be part of the positive ideals and policies that belong to Israel as a people of humanity and peace.

And then Mr. Lewisohn continues:

> I do not think the Jews should fight anymore. Not on any side. Not for any cause. Like the Quakers, we should declare that war is opposed to our instincts, to our conscience, to the tradition of our prophets and sages and saints for more centuries than have passed since the birth of any of the war-like modern nations.

. . . and his last word: *"We must shed our blood and endure our martyrdom for peace."*

It is a prophet's word to a recreant people, a cry in the wilderness, for, of course, the Lewisohn who writes "we are a people of justice and peace" knows that modern Jewry has in its ranks some gross militarists, more smug economic Pharaohs, and many who will say:

> Why does this man come stirring things up? We are comfortable in our golf clubs, our dancing and drinking societies, our businesses. We are at peace with our Christian neighbors. The world will call us radicals if he has his way.

But not all. Thousands of intelligent Jews have praised "Israel" as a clear exposition of Reform Judaism, "to remain part of the Western world and as Jews to work for certain religious and ethical notions," and not a few have rallied to the pacifist appeal. One Chicago rabbi, Dr. Louis Mann, the successor to the great Emil G. Hirsch in Sinai Temple, preached a fine, fearless sermon on Mr. Lewisohn's book. Dr. Mann attacked war as the great Enemy which brings economic, social, moral and biological ruin to vanquished and victors, and pleaded for a cooperative world.

And Rabbi Stephen Wise's recent trial came because of his agreement with Mr. Lewisohn's indictment:

> Men must return to the ideals which Jesus derived from the prophets and teachers of his people. The World must be Christianized—the world must be Judaized, the two are one. . . . .

The book, "Israel," in developing its keen arraignment against war, against power, force, hate, as it manifests against the Jew, sweeps into one of the most passionate and creative pleas for world peace, the writing of today has produced.

In directing this plea to the Jew, Mr. Lewisohn is not caught by the old Messianic delusion of a chosen people. He is rather the keen psychoanalyst who points out that if the present anti-semitism grows, as seems inevitable in a warring society, the Jewish people of America will be jolted out of their complacency into the old Ghetto inferiority complex. In self-defense, as well as for the more positive reason that their past has so magnificently prepared them for the job, they must accept pacifism as the best channel for their ego-fulfillment; they must joyously and consecratedly go about the work of establishing upon the earth their own *"Schma Ysroel. Adonai Elohanu, Adonai achut."*

"Hear, O Israel, the Eternal is One, and his World One." "Israel" is a book no Jew on escape and no Christian will want to.

LOUISE LOEB HAMBURGER.

Religion, science, art—exponents of the good and the true, the beautiful—all affirm unity of mankind.

—*R. L. Bridgman.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

Announcement of Prize Sermon

The American Eugenics Society, Inc., announces through its Committee on Cooperation With Clergyment the competition for the best sermon preached in America on the subject of eugenics. This competition is open to any minister, priest, rabbi or student in a theological seminary of any denomination. The sermon must be preached before July 1, 1926, and the awards will be made on October 1, 1926.

Prizes of $500 for the best, $300 for the second, and $200 for the third best sermon are the rewards. Since the churches are in a measure a natural selective agency and since a large percentage of the intelligent classes are church members, it is hoped that the message of eugenics will be received by thousands of people in the United States who otherwise would not hear it.

The award should stimulate ministers to a deeper study of this subject, which has such an important bearing on the welfare of America.

It has been said that good people make the churches and that the churches seldom make people good. If this is so, the American Eugenics Society hopes that this award will be a help toward the increase of good people in America.

Printed rules and announcement will be mailed on application to the American Eugenics Society, 185 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. Upon request a Brief Bibliography of Eugenics and a Eugenics Catechism will aso be mailed.

Our Policy Toward Mexico

The Emergency Foreign Policy Conference advocates the following United States policy towards Mexico.

Provided only that the Mexican government practices no discrimination between the Nationals of different foreign powers, the right of Mexico to exercise complete sovereignty over all property rights within her territorial limits, including ownership of land, sub-surface rights to oil, and minerals, and all other natural resources shall be at all times recognized.

The Emergency Foreign Policy Conference condemns the tendency of the State Department of the United States to interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico and to attempt to coerce Mexico by direct and indirect threats of the withdrawal of recognition and moral support from the present democratic and established government.

The present policy of the Mexican government is to subject all property rights in Mexico, including especially those to natural resources, to the full control of Mexican law. This is no greater right than the United States claims and exercises over the same and other property rights within the territorial limits of the United States. No evidence has been adduced to show that the Mexican government has discriminated between the Nationals of different foreign powers, or that the necessary effect of recent legislation would be such discrimination. On the contrary, the primary purpose of all recent legislation in Mexico has been to remove the discrimination in favor of foreign owners of Mexican property owners of Mexican property by requiring such owners to recognize sovereignty so far as such property is concerned.

In contrast to this Mexican policy and law is the law of certain states of the United States, which not only prohibits ownership of land by foreigners, but also discriminates between the ownership of land by Nationals of different foreign powers.

In view of the foregoing facts, as well as the broader principles of international right, the Emergency Foreign Policy Conference believes the officials of the United States State Department misconceive their function when they use the power of their office, not for the promotion of justice, peace and friendship between the United States and our neighbor to the South, but for the special protection of foreign property rights in Mexico acquired in large part in eras of undemocratic dictatorship or disorder and revolution.

EMERGENCY FOREIGN POLICY CONFERENCE.
Chicago, Illinois.

A Notable Anniversary

A remarkable woman was honored at the recent celebration in Boston of Mrs. Glendower Evans's 70th birthday. The occasion was noteworthy for the diversity of persons whom it brought together, some of them strongly opposed to most of Mrs. Evans's opinions, but all paying warm tribute to her unselfishness, her courage, her humility, and her big heart.

Prof. Felix Frankfurter of Harvard presided. Arthur D. Hill expressed his high esteem for Mrs. Evans, though he said she had disapproved of every act of his life except his marriage. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston Herald, said she was the best embodiment of New Testament Christianity that he had ever known. William G. Thompson, the lawyer defending Sacco and Vanzetti, said she had been of great assistance to him on the intellectual side of the case. He had not known that a woman could have so clear a head in analyzing testimony.

John F. Moors said Mrs. Evans had first convinced him of the wrong done to Mexico, and started him fighting the corrupt oil interests that are trying to steal Mexico's natural resources and to involve that country in war with the United States.

Miss Mary W. Dewson, long in charge of the parole department of the reform school at Lancaster, Mass., said Mrs. Evans had been an ideal trustee. She had founded the Berlin school for young boys, and had been moved by her interest in the girls' health to call in Dr. Richard C. Cabot to give talks to their visitors, which had been the beginning of his social work. She had originated many other things which had since grown to great importance.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell said there were two persons absent whom Mrs. Evans would rather have had present than all the distinguished people there—Sacco and Vanzetti. Mrs. Evans felt, with the anti-slavery poet:

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"Wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest,
'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and
they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
and not for all their race."

One speaker told of meeting Mrs. Evans at the railroad station in Washington, D. C., on one of the hottest days of the season, when she had come to plead the cause of the Filipinos with such earnestness that she did not feel the heat. Another spoke of her hastening to Lawrence to help the strikers, although she was a heavy stockholder in the corporation against which the great strike had been declared.

Professor Clarence R. Skinner gave a humorous description of Mrs. Evans arriving in heaven, and being warmly greeted in turn by a Filipino angel, a Mexican angel, "an angel who seemed to be almost all whiskers, a Bolshevik angel," etc., etc. Dr. Alice W. Hamilton closed with a high tribute to Mrs. Evans as a woman.

Mrs. Evans was then offered what she had always defended, "the right of free speech. "She stood up, prettier in her white hair than most girls, and briefly disclaimed the praise given her, saying that they had been talking about someone who was not there. But it was delightful, she said, to find that she had so many well-wishers and friends.

The celebration was held at 6 Byron St. There was a very large attendance. Many letters and telegrams were received from famous men and women.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

THE MARCH WINDS

Hark-forward! Aye, *yoicks!*
We're seeking the lilacs
The March hunt is on!
We're out for those roses
That went from the lawn.
We're seeking the lilacs
That fled from the bush.
We'll find them all shortly
In one merry rush.
Oh, *tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,* oh!
We'll bring back the flowers.
Hark-forward we go!

The Crisis. *Effie Lee Newsome.*

CHILDREN OF REVOLUTION

Story of John Reed Children's Colony on the Volga, which is as well a story of the whole great structure of Russia.

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Dr. Scudder, Wellesley, says "Delightful book"; Dr. Thorp, Palo Alto, "I certainly take off my hat to her as a writer"; Ruth Lind, Puyallup, "Mamma told me to tell you that she hasn't time to eat her supper because she has to read that book to us."

This book, 100 pages, printed Dec. 1925 (3000 copies) has gone, Jan. 15, to a second printing. Price, 50 cents. Send to Strong—508 Garfield St.—Seattle.

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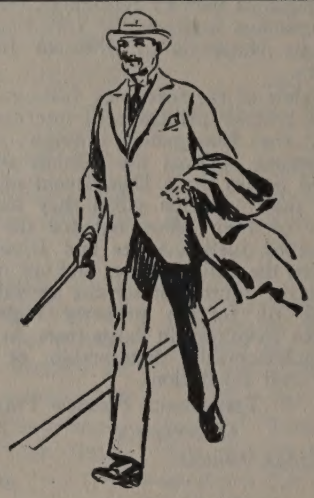

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